



Published

May. 1. 1799

for J. Roe.



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NEW LIGHTS
FROM THE WORLD OF DARKNESS;

OR THE

Midnight Messenger;

WITH

SOLEMN SIGNALS FROM THE WORLD OF
SPIRITS.

CONTAINING

Wonderful Evidences of the Visits of Ghosts, Apparitions, &c. to many Persons now living, and Notices of Death in several creditable Families.

THE WHOLE FORMING A
Constellation of Horror!!!

Dreams, Horrid Tales, and Spells of mighty Power;
Demons and Ghosts, that rove at Midnight Hour.

LONDON:

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NEW LIGHT

FROM THE WORLD OF DARKNESS

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WONDERFUL HISTORY OF APPARITIONS.

Terrific Spectre in Switzerland. From a Topographical Description of that Country.

TRAVERSING the Lake of Lucern (says a traveller) just as a thunder storm had ceased to redouble the tremendous echoes from the surrounding mountains, an ancient Swiss, who has lately become a hermit, conducted me in his skiff to the largest of two islands in the Muottal, where the remains of the ancient and majestic tower of Swanau (still beautiful in its ruins) is the first object that strikes the eye of a stranger. At present it is nearly covered with ivy, and is the principal resort of the mystic ravens, and other melancholy birds of night. In 1308 it was the residence of one of the petty tyrants under the Counts of Hapsbourg, who from this recess, defended by the rocks and surrounding waters, oppressed the whole district with impunity. The tyrant at length having carried off a young woman, whom he intended as the victim of his brutality, this act brought on the punishment he had so long merited. In fine, her two brothers surprized the infamous ravisher, murdered him, and threw his body into the lake; but still fearing the vengeance of the other great lords, they succeeded in raising all the district in their defence, who besieged and destroyed the whole castle, excepting the tower abovementioned, which they suffered to remain as a monument to future ages of the crimes of the owner, and the just vengeance that followed them. It should have been first mentioned, that the apparition of the young woman, who was also murdered by her brutal ravisher, was the first cause of the discovery. Her brothers being fishermen, were employed upon the lake some nights after she had been missing, when, after a sudden clap of thunder, the most horrid shrieks issuing from the interior of the castle, drew all their attention that way, and they immediately perceived their sister in a

long white robe, and a torch in one of her hands, pursuing a figure dressed in complete armour, whom the brothers well knowing to be the Count, only waited till the return of day to ascertain the fact, which led to the retaliation before-mentioned. But, what is still most remarkable, the same apparitions, according to the general tradition of the whole country, are seen on the same night every year; the female with the burning torch, and the flying Count in complete armour, as before specified; a circumstance which, it is generally believed, has contributed to deter the succeeding nobility of that country from thus oppressing their vassals.

From a credible Witness at Hoxton.

THE wife of a very eminent bookseller in the city, who died soon after her husband, in 1790, used frequently to appear to a friend of her husband's, near Charles's Square, entirely encircled in a thick blue vapour, and which, upon her disappearing, always left a very strong scent.

ONE Mr. Edward Cheadle, of Birmingham, now aged sixty-six years, frequently relates to his friends, that his father being in London when he was only five years of age, had the misfortune one evening, being a little intoxicated, to miss his way out of a public-house where he was drinking, and fell into the Thames, in which he was drowned. A waterman heard him exclaim "Oh, my child!" And it afterwards appeared, that about the same time Mr. Cheadle saw his father come to his bed-side look at him, and vanish; when his nurse hearing him scream, was told he had seen his father, who was actually then at the distance of one hundred and ten miles, and had just departed this life.

Of a Death Stroke given to a Person in Kent.

A LARGE barn near Farningham, in that county, has long been reputed as haunted, and therefore generally avoided by the strollers and tramps even in the hopping season. However, a person well known by the appellation of Devil-Dick, travelling that way last year, in the month of September, and being much disguised in liquor, could get no lodging, so that, the night being rainy, he was obliged to have recourse to this barn. Not getting u

in the morning at the time expected, some persons, drinking at the public-house he came from, knowing the circumstance, were anxious to hear what became of him, and entering the barn, found him extended, and speechless, with one of his hands open, and the fingers as it were clenched to one of his cheeks. As he still breathed, they brought him to with some trouble, when, to their great surprize, they found the print of four fingers and a thumb as deeply impressed in his skin, as if made by a hot iron. The relation he gave was, that, soon after his entering the barn, he saw something like a great dog approach him, which insensibly grew into a man, and struck him upon the face; after which he became insensible, till the time he was awakened out of his trance. He accordingly foretold his own death, which he said he dreamed of; died in the same week; and was followed to the grave by a great number of people that knew him by travelling that road.

Antique Spectre at Chelsea Botanic Garden.

Mr. Edward Noble, of the College, remarkable for his early rising, has frequently seen the apparition of an aged woman, with a high crowned hat, stalk in solemn pace across that garden, but always vanished if he prayed aloud.

*Ominous Appearance during the hard Weather in
February 1799.*

THE wife of an eminent Minister of the Gospel near Stepney, thus wrote to her husband's brother on the 6th of that month. "Though I am not alarmed at any of the Lord's dispensations, I cannot say but that a manifestation has lately been made me that has troubled me much. My dear yoke-fellow being from home on Saturday night last, I was sitting up, and meditating upon a portion of scripture, as is customary with me on a sabbath-day eve, when I heard an extraordinary rustling among the snow in my garden, and looking out of the window, saw it, as it were, forming itself into a coffin. That some of my family were or would shortly be called hence, I had no more doubt than of my own being; and accordingly my dear sister Deborah went to glory while she was sitting at breakfast this morning. Surely the Lord's dealings are wonderful."

Wonderful Instance of the Effects of a troubled Conscience.

IN the village of B—, in Lancashire, there has long been a popular story, of which I have lately gained the following particulars. One James Dunstable, a poor labouring man, had, by great industry, amassed a considerable sum of money, which, as he had but a small family, continually increased; so that by the death of an uncle of his wife, who was a considerable farmer in that part, his possessions made him be looked upon as one of the most able peasants in that county. He lived for some time in this state; and was much respected among his neighbours. It happened that he was called off to a fair in one of the chief towns, and was away two days. As the fair lasted in general no longer, he was expected on the third; but not coming at the expected time, and being a very sober and punctual man, there was some suspicion that he had met with an accident. On the fifth, not arriving, his wife, and all the neighbourhood, were much alarmed; and search was made round the country, but he could not be heard of, nor was found at all that time: so that it was concluded, and not without reason, that he had been murdered, especially as he had been known to have set out from the inn after the fair was over.

Things continued in this situation for several years; till the wife was persuaded to give her hand to a neighbour, who was thought to be very deserving. He made her a good husband, and for a little space of time they continued happy. But at last it appeared that all was not right with him. His wife was the first who perceived this change in his temper and carriage; he would frequently start, as if he beheld something supernatural of a sudden. He was troubled in his sleep, as if his dreams had been disagreeable. She would sometimes ask him the reason of these emotions; but he always excused himself. His fears grew upon him every day; and his neighbours perceived that he was neither so bold nor so steady in his deportment as usual.

One night, in a party at an ale-house, where a pretty large company were collected, he got elated with drink, and recovered his wonted spirits, so that he was as cheerful and merry as the rest. In the midst of their festivity, he was observed to start with great terror, and fix his eyes upon a particular place! The whole company thought him mad or drunk, as they jokingly said. However, he

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could not be appeased; and at last giving a shriek, he cried out loudly, "O, there he is! Look, he sees me. It was he!"—There now arose great consternation in the house, and he was immediately seized, upon suspicion of having murdered Dunstable. He was tried soon after, and confessed the affair; that he had murdered him, and thrown his body into a deep pit, which had been partly filled up, and which had escaped the vigilance of those who made search for him. The body was found, as described; and the murderer received his due reward. Whether in such a case the apparition of the deceased appeared to the murderer, or whether it might be the effects of his troubled imagination, is not easy to say; but it is sufficient to prove that such wicked and premeditated deeds will one day or other be brought to light.

Fraud discovered through a Spectre.

IN the summer of 1798, a young woman, of the name of Sarah Clark, went from Dudley to live as a servant with a Mr. Smugstone, a small distance from Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire. Mr. Smugstone, who had amassed a considerable fortune, and retired from business, was so infirm as not to be able to stir out of his chair; and it was remarked by Sarah Clark, after living there upwards of a month, that to one of the cellars she was never permitted to go, let the necessity be ever so pressing; this always being the business of an aged man-servant, who appeared to be almost an idiot. However, as the latter had been sent to Birmingham fair, and did not return for three nights, Sarah Clark was at length entrusted by her master with the key to draw some old ale, with a particular charge to make haste out of it, and take no notice of any thing but her business. The consequence, however, was, that the girl left her place the next morning, and gave such a description of what she had heard and seen to the worthy Rector of the parish, that he immediately paid Mr. Smugstone a visit, who being closely pressed upon some points of conscience, at length confessed that he had wronged the deceased sister of the said Sarah Clark out of a considerable sum of money, being the principal executor, and which, as he consented to make good to the family, the matter was accordingly hushed up.

The false Guardian.

ABOUT fifty years ago there arrived in London an elderly gentleman and his wife. They took a house formerly situated in Old-street, (but some years ago taken down and rebuilt,) and there lived in a very recluse and solitary manner; keeping no servant, the wife doing all the business of the house herself. In this manner they lived some time, till one evening, as the gentleman was taking his usual walk, he suddenly (as it is supposed) fell down and expired, when he was found by some labourer returning from work. In a few nights after his burial the wife complained to her neighbours of the house being haunted by his apparition, which often appeared to her requesting some of them to sit up with her a few nights. Accordingly some of them offered themselves, however totally disbelieving her story. When night came, the woman went to bed, and two or three men sat up in the kitchen. Best part of the night passed without any molestation, they now thinking themselves perfectly secure from any ghostly attacks. At length the tremendous hour of twelve arrived, when, to their great terror and astonishment, the large passage door suddenly unbolted, and in came the form of a large bear! It passed through the kitchen, without taking any notice of them, ascended the stairs, and entered the room where the woman lay (but, before it entered, assumed a less terrible appearance viz. that of her husband,) where its chief aim seemed to be to draw her out of bed; which, when it could not effect, it instantly vanished. The same apparition continued several nights, but in various shapes, such as a bear, mastiff, &c. &c. It at length gained its point, so far as to get the woman out of bed, and lead her into an adjoining apartment, where it pointed to a certain chest, and then vanished. She got the chest opened, and found in it the writings of an estate belonging to two young ladies to whom he had been left guardian, and which he had defrauded them of. She immediately sent for them, and restored them their writings. They took her with them, and with them she ended her days, free from the burden of a troubled conscience. One of the persons who sat up in the house is now alive, from whose mouth I had the relation.

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Houses frequently revisited by their Owners after Death.

A FRENCH gentleman lately at Corfu, in the Archipelago, thus writes to his friend at Leghorn. "Before I set forward to Constantinople, I visited Corfu, now in possession of the Republicans, where persons, apparently of credibility and good sense, spoke of the following as a fact well known both there and at Cerigo." The dead there (say they) frequently appear in the streets at noon day, and repair to their former habitations, causing the greatest alarm among their relatives and successors. When these appearances occur too frequently, the custom of the country is to go to the grave, and dig up the body, which they then cut into a thousand pieces in the presence of the Magistrates, and sometimes burn. At Angelo, the Venetian Governor of Corfu, (says the Relator,) assured me of having been present at several of these executions, and that he could produce upwards of fifty credible witnesses as vouchers to the fact.

Appearance of a Lady to Mr. Tornley.

As a Mr. John Tornley was walking through King-street, Dublin, about ten o'clock on a Tuesday night, he met a lady whom he perfectly knew, being his next door neighbour. He accosted her with the usual compliments, and was answered with a smile, as was common with her. They walked to the end of the street, conversing all the way. She then expressed herself very tired. Mr. Tornley asked her if she would ride; and before he gave her time to answer, called a coach, when she got in, and he followed, and as soon as he gave orders to the coachman, they began conversing on different subjects. She said that the coach made her head ach, at which Mr. Tornley put his head out of the coach, and told the man to stop; but great was his surprise, when recovering his seat, the lady was gone! He jumped out of the coach, looked round him, but could see no appearance of any lady; and, what is still more remarkable, the coachman had never seen any lady get into the coach, and expressed his wonder at hearing Mr. Tornley say there was one got in. He said he had heard Mr. Tornley speak several times, but supposed it was to himself. Mr. Tornley then walked home; and, to his great astonishment, was told that his neighbour's wife, the lady he had seen, was dead but a few minutes; and that, before she died, she wished much to see Mr. Tornley.

Stones thrown by an invisible Hand.

A PERSON of veracity near Hamburg, who went to see some murderers exposed on a gibbet upon a wide heath near that city, made oath upon his return, that he saw what he at first supposed to be larks dropping, as it were, perpendicularly from the sky; but, upon a nearer view, found that they were stones of an unusual shape, some of which were thrown towards the gibbet in a horizontal direction; notwithstanding, as he swore, that the post, being upon a small eminence, no other living person was at that time within sight.

Dreadful Spectre in Ireland.

A WIDOW Lady, who lived in Mecklenburgh-street, Dublin, after going to bed, was alarmed by a mournful cry of a female at her chamber door, which in a few minutes after was burst open. Her curtains were soon drawn, and to her tortured fancy there appeared a tall, meagre female spectre, dressed in black, wringing her hands, and shaking her ghastly head in silent sorrow. This visit was thrice repeated during the course of that night. The next night she was accompanied by some friends, who lay in the same room with her; but, notwithstanding the ghost was seen by the lady in all her former horror, she was invisible to every other eye, and would have passed unnoticed by them, had they not heard the rattling of the chairs. On the third night, a neighbouring gentleman sat up for some time in the same chamber, and received a sound drubbing, which he did not for some days recover.

Horrid Spectre in Wales, related by the Rev. Mr. Gammon, a Moravian Minister.

BEING at the house of a gentleman, near Pembroke, in the summer of 1767, (says the Reverend Relator,) the family, as usual, servants and all, except one maid, that staid at home in her turn, were gone to attend public worship. It was exceeding sultry weather, and the servant had retired to her chamber to take a little repose. She had not lain long, when, to her unspeakable surprize, the window opened without any visible cause, and what she imagined to be a large bundle of rags rolled under her bed. Her fears may be easily imagined; but these were trivial in comparison with her sensations when she saw a man ap-

proach her; a tall, aged personage, apparently worn out with grief; but of an aspect the most malignant that could be conceived, and which was soon evinced by his pinching the young woman, till her cries alarming the neighbours, they raised a ladder, and thus coming to her assistance, the spectre for that time disappeared.

When Mr. Gammon and the family returned, they naturally supposed that the servant laboured under some degree of insanity, from the relation she gave them of what had passed. But, strange to tell! while they were still listening with a degree of awful silence to the repeated asseverations which she made of the truth of what she had related, the very same figure rose up, as it appeared, from under the table round which they were sitting. The lady of the house immediately fainted; but, upon Mr. Gammon's exclaiming, "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan," with a groan, that seemed to shake the foundation of the house, the spectre again vanished, leaving the whole company in a degree of consternation that no words can decypher. Still this was not all. Mr. Gammon reports, that, during the whole of the season that he staid in Wales, this apparition was so constant a visitant, that Mr. Gammon himself at length experienced no alarm on its approach.

The rumour of such an apparition naturally drawing numbers of people to the house, a sea captain once offered, as he said, to fight the spirit, and for that purpose went up into a room where the former was known to be; however, he had not been there a moment, before he was heard to fall with great violence on the floor, and was nearly strangled before any person dared to go to his assistance.

The same spectre once dropped a walking-stick, as he was going up stairs, which Mr. Gammon endeavoured to pick up, but felt such a pain in his arm, that he was not able to recover without medical assistance.

He also relates, that once, as the spectre was going up stairs, the house cat, that was sitting at the garden window, gave a sudden spring to the ground, and was never heard of afterwards, notwithstanding the strictest enquiry. A mastiff also, remarkably fierce before that apparition visited the house, became as gentle as a lap-dog, and was always silent, shewing the most evident marks of fear and apprehension. These, and other particulars less important, are copied from the Journal of the above-mentioned Reverend Gentleman.

Treasure discovered by Means of an Apparition at a House in Black Friars.

It is a tradition handed down since the year 1741, by the family that inhabited the above-mentioned house upwards of half a century, previous to their settling near Merton, in Surry, that a German taylor, who worked with one of their ancestors, of the same business, was the making of the family. This poor man, a native of Lubbeck, in Germany, it seems, had frequent revelations before his arrival in England, advising him to undertake the voyage, which he being loth to do, his father, then dead several years, appeared, and, in short, gave him directions to go to London, and even to the very house in Black Friars in which he afterwards worked. In the cellar of the house, he was so well persuaded that money was concealed, that, as soon as ever he could speak a little broken English, he did not fail to communicate his persuasion to his master, who only laughed at him as a silly dreamer. However, wearied with his importunities to permit him to search for the supposed hidden treasure this poor German was permitted to dig, which he cheerfully undertook, and, after three nights toil, most agreeably surprized the master and his family, while at supper by running up, and exclaiming, "Me did see the coffin. Me did see the coffin!" This coffin, it appeared, was nearly filled with gold and silver pieces, which had been buried with some Ecclesiastic ever since the reign of Edward III. Suffice it to say, that the family immediately quitted business, and was remarkably charitable to the poor during their residence in the parish, besides liberally providing for the poor taylor, the happy instrument of their good fortune, who insisted upon going to enjoy it with his relations in his own country.

Unusual Omen of a shipwrecked Person.

LADY Matilda Eardley, of Erith, in Kent, frequently relates, that, having placed her first affections upon a young gentleman that went to the East-Indies, she was one evening sitting alone at work, and not thinking of the absent person, when she heard a voice distinctly call her by the name of Matilda, and on that day six months had a letter, informing her that the young gentleman was violently struck by the trunk of an elephant upon the temple, which killed him on the spot; upon which she formed an unchangeable resolution never to marry.

Warning of Death.

A LADY, who resided at Richmond in the year 1788, was taken very ill; and her physicians had given her over. The nurse who attended her during her illness, had occasion to leave the room for something she wanted. While she was absent, the sick lady thought she heard a voice call her by her name: she looked at the side of her bed, and saw a female relation, who had been dead near three years. The apparition said to her, "My dear, you will recover from this fit of sickness; but you will most certainly die the day you are twenty-seven years old." (She was then about twenty-three). The spectre then smiled, waved her hand, and disappeared. The Lady, contrary to the expectation of her friends and acquaintance, recovered. The day she was seven and twenty, her husband invited some friends to celebrate her birth-day, and dissipate a gloom that hung upon her mind, in consequence of the predication. One among the number who was invited, was a banker in Lombard-street, whom the author of this account was perfectly intimate with. The day passed with the greatest conviviality and joy, as the lady was persuaded by her friends, she must have been in a delirium at the time she fancied she heard the voice; and what tended more to ease her mind, was the good health she then enjoyed. The company parted all happy to find the lady satisfied, and that the day had passed so pleasantly; but to their great surprize and sorrow, the next morning they were informed that she was taken with a fit soon after they were gone, and instantly expired.

Appearance of a Wife to a Husband at the Time of her Death.

A gentleman of the name of Handcock, who commanded the Norfolk East-Indiaman some years ago, dining at the Cape of Good Hope with a number of friends, was observed by them to rise from table, and look a considerable time out of the window. When he returned to his seat, they asked him if there was any thing remarkable that made him rise so suddenly, and attract his notice. He replied, by asking them, if they had not observed a lady look into the room. They declared they had not. "I can assure you (said the captain) there was one, and it was my wife." They laughed heartily at him, and told him he was dreaming. "It makes so strong an impression upon my mind, (said he,) that I will immediately enter the circumstance in my memorandum book;" and added, "you will all much oblige me, if you

would do the same." They, to humour him, did so. On his return to England, an intimate friend of his went in to the Downs, where the Norfolk then was, to communicate to him the melancholy news of his wife's death. The instant he saw his friend come on board, he told him he knew the occasion. "My wife (said the Captain) is dead, and died such a day, and at such a time," accounting for the difference of longitude. His friend was astonished, and asked him by what means he got intelligence of her death. "I will inform you directly," said the Captain, who went to his scrutoire, and produced the memorandum he had made at the Cape when he saw her apparition. There are many persons now living, who had this relation from Captain Handcock's own mouth.

A Warning of Death from a Mother to a Child.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune, who lived at Maidstone, in Kent, lately dead, had an appearance of his mother's apparition at the hour of her departure, when he was a child of only nine years old. One night, when he was in bed, he heard the curtains undraw, and saw his mother stand by the bed-side. She put her hand upon his face, and said, "Beal, (that was his christian name,) be a good boy, and fear God." The child was not the least frightened, having no suspicion of a preternatural appearance, his mother being in perfect health at the time he went to bed. Next morning he told a relation, his mother came to his bed-side, and passed his face, and told him to be a good boy, and fear God. He was then informed of the loss of his parent, and that the hand of death was laid upon her at the time she paid him her last earthly visit. Nothing can be more clear, from this account, that the child was not influenced in his mind, as his mother had no previous illness, but was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and expired in a moment.

Indication of Death.

A GENTLEMAN going up stairs in the dark, having occasion to search for something in an adjoining room, put his hand upon a man's face, and felt his beard to be very rough. He immediately gave the alarm to the family, and acquainted them that a man had got into his room, and declared that he had touched him. Upon which they, getting a light, made every search after him, but in vain. Soon after, this gentleman heard of his father's death, which happened at the time he was so much affrighted.

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Strange Visit of a Man's Sweetheart.

As a captain of a vessel from Bristol was on a voyage to the West-Indies, he was mentioning to the mate, and some of his men, concerning his performances in magic. At length a stout-hearted fellow begged he would convince him of the reality of apparitions, and that such things did exist. The captain then told him he would shew him his sweetheart, at which he was astonished. He immediately began his incantations and ceremonies, and, after calling upon her to appear, she immediately appeared on the deck, walking along with a handkerchief in her hand, and smiled at him; at last she seemed unwell, dropped it, and then disappeared. He took notice of the hour; and, on his return home, acquainted her with what he had seen on his voyage; and she assured him that it was as near that time as she could recollect, that she was mending her handkerchief, and, fainting away, dropped it.

Singular Instance of Foreknowledge.

Mr. Belisario, the celebrated Jew, so well known for his great knowledge of Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages, and formerly a Notary Public, died on the 14th of December, 1791, in the 80th year of his age. A few moments prior to his dissolution, he rung the bell at the head of his bed, and desired that all his family might immediately attend him; for although he was apparently in good health, yet he was certain he should not live an hour longer. He then lamented that he had not been able to make the least provision for his children; but told them, that if they could procure the money to purchase a ticket in the present Irish lottery, the number of which he mentioned, and stated that he had either dreamed, or it was so impressed on his mind, that he was satisfied it would afford them a trifling fortune. His sons treated the matter lightly. He died within the time stated. Some of his friends afterwards purchased the ticket, and presented it to his family, which was drawn a prize of 1000*l*.

Dead Hand distinctly felt in Bed.

ONE Mr. Whitehaven, of St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, a great disbeliever in spirits and existence after death, owned to the Rev. Mr. Wills, in a disputation with him, that his scepticism was once much shaken by what he called a *lusus naturæ*, or a sport of nature. Having, as he

said, slept well one night, he awoke, and stretching his right arm towards the other side of the bed, where his deceased wife used to lie, he felt something turn down the cloaths, and, on further search, could plainly distinguish a hand, with the fingers and thumb, though cold as death. This certain evidence, he said, made him change his opinion; and from that period he professed a kind of second sight, foreseeing the death of many of his relatives and neighbours before they departed.

Blasphemous Wish punished. From the New German Theatre of God's Judgements, published in 1797.

A FARMER near Francfort upon the Oder, who for many years used to back every false asseveration that he made when selling his goods, by wishing the devil might fly away with him if what he said was not true, was not long since most exemplarily punished in the face of the day, and before a number of people. Having expressed this wish, as usual, to a known falsehood, he was snatched from the earth by some invisible power, and carried over a large mill going in full sail, upon which he was at length dropped, and hurried round with such velocity, that he soon became breathless, and was taken down a shocking example of the dangerous tendency of appealing to supernatural powers for the confirmation of a falsehood.

Festivity disturbed by a supernatural Movement.

Mr. J. Schnieder, an eminent surgeon, at Hall, in Saxony, being a man of a licentious as well as scientific turn, used frequently to retire into the skeleton room when he had large parties, after dinner, where excess was often carried to the greatest extreme, such as a general intoxication. The habit of feasting among these awful relics of mortality at length became so customary, that even females were introduced to these nocturnal orgies, which, for some time, they attended without fear, especially as Mr. Schnieder had a happy facility in making every appearance coincide with what he called the laws of nature. But this boasted philosophy at length failed him, the whole company one night being thrown into the utmost consternation. A skeleton, which he used to call the *Giant* by way of distinction, was seen to open its ponderous jaws, and, as Milton would have expressed it, grinned horribly a ghastly smile upon the astonished spec-

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tators. As the motion of the head and mouth continued, the confusion cannot be expressed. Mr. S—— himself confessed, by his silence, that his philosophy was non-plussed. The women fainted; and the company separating with mutual fear and distrust, the sacrilegious owner of the house was forbidden by the magistrates to hold any more such meetings, under pain of their most sovereign displeasure.

Awful Conflict between two Spirits to obtain Possession of a departing Soul. From Religious Memoirs of the Church of Scotland.

THESE memoirs state, that one Mr. John Macknight, who had been once a fair professor, became in process of time, so notorious a backslider, that his name was in a manner proverbial all through the neighbourhood of Dundee, where he lived. When upon his death bed, in March, 1797, a number of ministers, and other pious persons, were naturally drawn together to see what end he would make: as it might be expected, he most fervently desired their prayers; though he owned he had most probably sinned away his day of grace, by neglecting the offers of the gospel from time to time. However, while the whole company were at prayers, and, the room being small, it was agreed the windows should be opened to admit air, wonderful to relate, a raven and a dove flew into the room, perched upon the bed's head, and began a very violent attack upon each other. The dying man, being informed of it, desired the company to leave off prayers, as he had no doubt but that the raven and the dove would decide the fate of his unhappy soul. The whole and joint prayers of the room, however, continued to be, "O Lord, assist the dove. Lord confound the raven, &c." till the latter, evidently wearied and overpowered, fled out of the window, clapped its wings, and croaked in such a manner as would have appalled a heart unused to fear; while the dove seemed to dissolve in the sun-beams, that now shone with double lustre into the room, and the dying man absolutely departed without a sigh.

One Robert Mills, now a travelling dealer in combs, &c. about this metropolis, was a living witness to the transaction above mentioned.

*Ominous Portents in Clerkenwell Prison, related by the
Rev. Marmaduke Richards.*

It has frequently happened, that when the unfortunate persons confined in this place for felonies, &c. have been examined by the minister previous to their removal to Newgate for trial, that they have confessed to a number of circumstances, such as the opening and shutting of the inner doors of the prison when all were fast asleep, which, with the supposed tolling of a bell, was always looked upon as a sure sign that many of the wretched inhabitants of that place would only leave it to meet the more awful sentence of death at the Old Bailey Sessions.

*Dreadful Judgement at Manchester, executed upon a False-
swearer, and perpetuated in his Apparition.*

A FEW years since, some journeymen dyers, in Manchester, that used to be in the constant habit of playing at cards on a Saturday night, at a public house in that town, would frequently stay playing till after twelve at night, though much against the will of the landlady, who one night positively insisting upon their going away, one of them, the most resolute, named Burlett, swore a bitter oath, taking the candle in one hand, and a pack of cards in the other, that he would not go out of the house till he had had another pot of beer, and played another game at cards, and wishing, if he did, that he might be struck dead upon the spot, which happened accordingly, to the unspeakable terror of all the beholders. But the matter did not end here; the ghost of this unhappy man has occasionally appeared in the same apartment ever since, and especially if any of the company have ventured to play after twelve o'clock on Saturday night. His appearance is exactly in the form and attitude in which he was struck dead, as can be witnessed by a number of pious persons of that town and its neighbourhood.

*A remarkable Narrative of the Apparition of a young Lady to
her Lover, taken down in Writing from his own Mouth, by
the Editor, who, from his sober Behaviour, believes the Ac-
count to be true.—See the Plate.*

This young lady lived at St. Ives, in Cornwall, and died of the small-pox in September, 1794. Her sweetheart was the son of Mr. Haine, a very reputable butcher and grazier at Scar, about twenty miles from Plymouth.

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The match was not approved of by the young woman's friends; and during her illness they would not suffer the young man to come to see her, though she greatly desired to see him. About the time of her illness, he also was taken sick of a fever, and confined to his room; so that it was above a month after her death before she made her first appearance to him; which was as follows.

"After I had recovered from my illness, (says he,) I went out one afternoon on my father's horse for a little airing; and, returning home just at dusk, about a mile from my father's house, I saw something, as on horseback, pass very swiftly by me; which so affrighted my horse, that he flew home with me as fast as possible, and I was also much affrighted. A short time after this she appeared again to me, and then I knew her; and what is remarkable, when I was on horseback, she appeared on horseback; and when I was on foot, she appeared so too; and her appearances to me were so frequent, that she became quite familiar, and I had no fear at all on seeing her; which she never failed to do if I was abroad; but she never appeared to me in my father's house.

"It was above a month before I had any power given me to speak to her, although I thought to do it from time to time, but could not speak; though she gave me all the opportunity she could, by walking often by my side, or very near me. This was a great trouble to me, as well as to her; and it began to bring a great weakness upon me.

"I related the affair to my father and mother, and some others; but they, not believing my relation, gave little heed to what I said, and thought it was only phrenzy; till the following circumstance happened, which was about a week before God gave me power to speak to her.

"My father and mother used to go to a place of worship belonging to Mr. Wesley, about a mile off; and one evening about this time I went with them to light them home, as I often did, with a large lanthorn and candle; and coming home along the high-road, she appeared to me as usual. I said to my father, "Now don't you see her? There, there she is!" And at the very moment I spoke, the lanthorn was twisted violently out of my hand, and flung to a considerable distance from me, the ring of it remaining in my hand. My father and mother were now both somewhat affrighted at this, and began to believe what I had so often related to them of the apparition, that

there was some truth in it. A doctor who attended me in my illness, to whom I had also related the story, urged me by all means to speak to her, telling me what words to use; and said it might be of bad consequence, if I neglected it longer.

"A few nights after this, as I was sitting in my father's house, it was strongly impressed upon my mind to go out that night, and with God's leave to speak to her. Accordingly, about ten o'clock, I went out with all the courage imaginable; and she appeared to me as usual; and I said to her, In the name of the Lord Jesus, why do you thus trouble me! and I was going to lay hold on her arm. She shrunk back, and said, Do not touch me; I am as cold as clay. She spoke out, and blamed me for not speaking to her sooner; and said, that this was the very last night of her liberty to appear to me; and had you not spoken to me now, said she, I should have had power to do you some mischief. Then she related to me, what she had to say about her family, who had cruelly hindered her from seeing some of her dear relations. After telling me her whole mind, she gave me plain directions concerning herself. We conversed together near two hours, till twelve o'clock; and I promised, if possible, to fulfill all her instructions. Accordingly I set out early next morning, rode near fifty miles to different parts, fulfilled all her commands, and got back safe to my father's house. She appointed me to meet her that night, if I had done my business before twelve, at the church door where she was buried; this was about two miles from my father's house. She met me at the church porch, expressed her entire approbation of all that I had done, saying, she should now be at rest, and would trouble me no more.

"After a short discourse, which she charged me never to divulge, she said, My time is nearly expired, follow me into the church. The door opening, she entered the church, which was illuminated with the most glorious light; and my hearing the most soft and heavenly music betokened her happiness. She bid me take notice when the music began to cease, to go then out of the church; which I did; and being very glad that all my trouble in this affair was ended, I hastened away, and saw her no more.

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*Murder discovered by Means of a Spectre at Maidstone.**From Notes taken by the Minister of the Parish.*

ABOUT the latter end of 1761, a young woman, living servant at the Old King's Head in that town, was taken much notice of by a butcher who used the house. This person being at play with her one evening, when a number of people were present, it was remarked, that she was very uneasy at his taking a handkerchief from her, for which she had a particular fancy; and which, after much intreaty, and the interference of some persons present, he returned to her again. The young woman, it seems, had not been long in that night, when she plainly saw the curtains of her bed undrawn, and the ghost of a murdered man approach, who told her not to be frightened, as he was not come to do her any harm. He then began relating the circumstance of the young man's taking the handkerchief from her on the overnight, and added, that he (the ghost) should take the same pocket-handkerchief with him to his grave. He then charged the maid to make this affair as public as possible, as it would lead to a discovery of his murder, and bring down justice upon his murderers, and also gave her particular information where they had laid his body. The young woman following his directions the next morning, the body and the handkerchief were found in the grave as the ghost had described; and the young man who had taken the maid's handkerchief, as before-mentioned, proving to be the identical murderer of the person deceased, was executed for the same: a singular indication that murder cannot be concealed from the scrutinizing eyes of Divine Justice.

Appearance to a Gentleman in his Study.

A GENTLEMAN, who resided at Bethnal-Green, near London, some years ago, was one evening writing in his study, and, that he might not be interrupted, had locked the door. While he was writing, he fancied he heard some person walking in the room. He turned round, but saw nothing. In a few minutes, he thought he felt himself pulled by the flap of his coat. He was now very much alarmed; but being a man of strong nerves and resolution, he soon recovered. In a short time afterwards, he had a similar sensation, that almost dragged him off his chair. He then was much frightened indeed, left the room, and went into another, where he had some relations.

They observed he looked extremely pale, and asked him if he was ill. He then informed them what had occurred to him in his study. They did all in their power to persuade him he must be mistaken, and told him the impossibility of what he imagined, as the door was locked. However, he was next day seized with a fit, while at the Royal Exchange, was conveyed home, went to bed, and died in the space of three days.

Property recovered by the Appearance of an Apparition.

As two officers, belonging to the same regiment, and who were at St. Lucie during the present war, were one evening discoursing together, their conversation was interrupted by the apparition of a brother officer, who had fell in an engagement with the enemy a few days before. Their astonishment may be much better conceived than described. The apparition addressed himself to them both, desired they would not be alarmed, that he meant them no harm, and that they would attentively listen to what he was then going to say. "You both well know (said he) I left in England an only son, who is now at Westminster-School, and who will be wronged out of an estate, if you do not, when you are ordered to England, call upon such a person, (whom he then mentioned,) who lives in Upper Brook-Street, Grosvenor-Square, and demand of him the title deeds belonging to the estate." They promised they would comply with his request. Some little time after, the regiment was ordered home. When they came to London, according to their promise, they called upon the gentleman who had the title deeds in question. Upon their mentioning the death of the officer, and asking him if he was not in possession of the deeds of the estate, he declared he had them not, but that he had returned them to the officer. However, they persisted he had, and at the same time informed him, legal methods would be taken to make him produce the same; that they would give him a week to look over his papers, and at the expiration of that time they would call again. He was afraid of a law-suit, and said he would look if he had any writings belonging to the heir, and if he had, he would resign them into the hands of the young man's guardian. Accordingly, they called at the time appointed, when the deeds were produced, and they were safely lodged in the guardian's hands. This wonderful story was told to an

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officer of rank, who has at this present time a high command in London, and who had the relation from the mouths of both the officers who saw the apparition at St. Lucie. It is worthy notice, that here is an apparition to two men of undoubted veracity, a circumstance more to be insisted upon, as the general disbelief of these stories arise from the appearance to one person only.

Ghost in a Churchyard.

A DISSENTING minister, who lived at Ramsey, in the county of Huntingdon, was discoursing at his own house, one evening, with an intimate friend, who was curate of the parish, upon the occasional appearances of departed spirits, at the same time expressing his firm belief in apparitions. The clergyman professed himself of a contrary opinion to his friend, and endeavoured to reason with him upon the absurdity of his creed. About ten o'clock he took his leave, and in his way home, which was through a church-yard, he observed a man cross out of the regular path, among the tomb-stones, the moon-shining very bright, to meet him; but being a man of uncommon boldness and strength, he was no ways alarmed when the person came near him. He almost put his head into his face. He then recognized the features of an intimate friend and fellow-collegian, who had been dead near five years. A few nights after, he again spent the evening with the dissenting minister, and the old topic came upon the carpet. He then related what he had seen in his way home in the church-yard, adding, that he was now as firm in his belief of the reality of the occasional appearance of departed spirits, as he formerly was of a different opinion; and was fully satisfied in his own mind, that God had permitted this awful sight to convince him of, and to do away, his incredulity.

Apparition at Birmingham.

AN officer in the 104th regiment had, in 1783, a house at Birmingham from Mr. A——n, on condition of living in it. The report was, that spectres frequented it. For several months, while he was there, strange noises were often heard. A great disturbance over head at last alarmed him, where he and his servants immediately went. There they found the appearance of a lady. They bolted the door, and endeavoured to secure her; but without effect,

for she immediately vanished. This the officer made affidavit of before a Justice, and spoke of it as a thing he had never before repeated.

Remarkable Instance of mental Communication.

Related by M. P. Andrews, Esq.

LORD LYTTLETON, who died at Pit-Place, near Epsom, was intimate with Mr. Andrews, and, as a mark of his esteem, left him 2000*l*. The dream that preceded, and, in fact, occasioned the death of his Lordship, is known to the public, and was published at the time it happened in the *London* and other Magazines; but the very extraordinary one which Mr. Andrews had the night on which that nobleman and friend of his died, is, perhaps, of authenticated circumstances, the most singular, and deserves being related. At that time Mr. Andrews was at Dartford, and did not know Lord Lyttleton was returned from Ireland, where he had resided for some time; of course, he was entirely ignorant of his DREAM or his DEATH. He had been in bed about an hour, and had a light in his room. He dreamed that the figure of his Lordship appeared before him, dressed in a damask night-gown, which he usually wore in a morning, and said, "*Andrews, it is all over with me!*" The idea impressed Mr. Andrews so strongly, that, knowing Lord Lyttleton was fond of frightening persons in the dark, and often had done so at his house at Hagley, in Worcestershire, he concluded he had done so now, and had come to Dartford, and, by some means got into his room. He called to him, therefore, by his name, and not finding him return an answer, he got up, and, to his great surprize, found the chamber door locked. Still doubtful whether what he had heard and seen was a dream, he looked at his watch, to see how long he had been in bed, and it wanted only a few minutes to twelve o'clock. Still retaining in his mind the image of what had appeared to him, he mentioned to the family in the morning the extraordinary dream he had had, and his fear that something bad had happened to Lord Lyttleton. When he returned to town, he found a letter from Lord Westcote, acquainting him with Lord Lyttleton's death. The time of it exactly corresponded with that when Mr. Andrews heard him say, "*It is all over with me!*" As Mr. Andrews has never contradicted this story, and as it has been very publickly handed about, we may conclude upon the veracity of it.

A Funeral Procession.

THE celebrated professor Baumgarten, who lived at Berlin, one day sitting at his study window, which looked into the garden, was much surprised to see a funeral procession come down the principal walk, attended by mourners, who were his most intimate friends. When the coffin came under the window, he read, with astonishment, his own name and age on the plate. But I should have mentioned, that his maid servant, wanting something out of the summer-house, at the end of the garden, was observed by Mr. Baumgarten to go out of the walk upon the grass-plot. He called her into his room, and asked her the reason she did not proceed down the walk. She said, she could not, for some unseen hand took her by the arm, and forced her on the grass-plot. Mr. Baumgarten was then fully satisfied it was something more than imagination in what he had seen; he directly made his will, and the same evening was taken with a fit of apoplexy, and immediately expired. This relation is well known to many now resident at Berlin.

The Wild Huntsman; or, the Remembrance of a dreadful Judgement perpetrated by the Apparition of a German Lord.

THE German historians relate, that a Baron of Franconia was so remarkably attached to the chase in the middle ages, that, paying no regard to the rights or complaints of the poor, he at length fell a victim to his ungovernable passion; the particulars of which were thus related by a gentleman, tutor to a young German Count, travelling from Switzerland to Germany.

"We had already nearly cleared the Black Forest, when on a sudden the sky became overcast, the rain poured down in torrents; and the livid flashes of lightning bursting right over our heads, succeeded one another with such rapidity, that the thunder re-echoing from the woods, the rocks, and mountains, seemed but one continual peal. To add to our distress, night now began to approach: not such a night as tender lovers choose to wander by the moon's pale lamp, and breathe their amorous vows; but rather a night such as poets have conceived when Lapland witches charm the labouring moon, and bring her down to earth, whilst darkness, with her raven-wings outspread, hovering beneath the fair expanse of heaven, for-

bids the starry host their mild effulgence to diffuse, and cheer the traveller with their silver light.

"We had not travelled many miles in this dismal condition, before our postillion had the misfortune to lose his way; and what still aggravated our calamity, he did not perceive his mistake till it was already too late to rectify it. I shall not attempt to describe the gloomy apprehensions which filled our minds on his communicating to us this unwelcome intelligence. Our postillion was naturally a lad of humour, and, agreeable to the laudable practice of his profession, had entertained us all the day with a recital of the numberless murders, robberies, rapes, &c. which had been perpetrated in this immense forest. We had likewise in many instances received ocular demonstrations of the truth of his reports, from the numberless crosses which in this country are erected on the spot where any murder is committed, partly with a view to put travellers upon their guard, and partly to entreat their prayers for the rest of the soul of the defunct.

"As we wished for nothing more ardently than to extricate ourselves from this dismal situation as soon as possible, (being not less in purgatory ourselves than the souls of those for whom our prayers were desired,) we ordered the postillion to lose no time in fruitless attempts to regain the right road to the town we had originally designed to put up at, but rather to drive straight forward, with the utmost expedition, till we should have the good fortune to light on some human habitation, where we might pass the remainder of the night in safety. With this request he complied; and, after exercising his whip for a full hour, we found ourselves emerging from our worse than Cimmerian forest, upon the entrance of a large plain or common. "Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed the postillion, "we are at no great distance from a village."

"Great was our joy at beholding once more the peaceful abodes of man. The village we found to be of considerable extent; but the inn, if such it may be called, was one of the most execrable that ever I set foot in in the whole course of my life. "Benedicite!" exclaimed the landlord, all astonishment at seeing a postchaise draw up before his door, a phenomenon which caused him to stare as much as if the Grand Turk in person had come to pay him a visit. It was no wonder, therefore, if the bill of fare of the house contained nothing more than a few

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smoked sausages, some rusty bacon, and a stale loaf of brown bread. Wine, or beer, he assured us, was not to be had in the whole neighbourhood; and such was the goodness of his brandy, that even our postillion was glad to wash his mouth after swallowing a glass of it.

"I enquired whether the lord of the manor resided on his estate, hoping to meet with better accommodation from the hospitality of a stranger; but received for answer, that the manor-house was entirely waste and uninhabited, nobody having been able to live in it for this century past, and upwards. I demanded the reason.

"Why, as to matter of that, look ye, gentlemen, (replied the landlord,) it is an affair which nobody much cares to speak about; neither dare I, on any account, give you any item of the business to-night; but wait (he added) till to-morrow morning, and then, if you are not able to divine the cause yourselves, why, I will even let you into particulars."

"As little satisfied with this reply as myself, the Count pressed the landlord to be more explicit, and even insisted on having a categorical answer to the question I had put; but our landlord was not to be prevailed on; he continued shaking his head as sturdy as a mule; and when he found that we would not desist from our enquiries, left the room with evident signs of displeasure, grumbling something about unlawful curiosity, and divine judgments, with other obscure hints, which to us were quite unintelligible.

"Vexed, as we were, at what we considered a most unpardonable instance of rudeness, we were fain to make the best of our present circumstances, and to digest our coarse unfavoury fare as well as we could. After we had finished our homely repast, and somewhat appeased the cravings of nature, we laid ourselves down upon some clean fresh straw, which here supplied the place of a bed to our weary limbs. The Count was presently buried in a profound sleep; whilst I kept turning from side to side, and, harrassed by a thousand unaccountable apprehensions, found it impossible to close my eyes. In this state of uneasiness I continued till the watchman, with hoarse voice, announced the solemn hour of midnight. My ears were instantaneously alarmed with the distant sound of horses' hoofs, and the echoing thunder of trumpets, horns, and other wind instruments. The noise drew near; and pre-

sently a whole troop of horse seemed to pass in full gallop by the window; the air at the same time resounding with such a full band of music, that, had it not been for the unreasonable hour, added to the disagreeableness of the night, I should have imagined his Serene Highness, the Elector, with all his whole court and retinue, had marched through the place on a royal hunting party. The Count awoke with the noise, and abruptly starting up—"What can be the meaning of all this?" he demanded, with a mixture of fear and astonishment. To this question I was as little able to give a satisfactory answer as himself. I continued, therefore, to listen with the greatest attention to what was transacting; and perceived, to my no small surprise, that these nocturnal Nimrods had hardly passed our inn, before the noise of their horses and instruments died away, and the whole place was as silent as before. This appeared to me exceeding singular. I began afresh to give free scope to the workings of a disturbed imagination; and comparing in my mind the strange scene I had just witnessed, with the unaccountable reserve and dark inuendoes of our landlord, I attempted to unravel the mystery that seemed to envelope this adventure. As for the Count, he soon relapsed into a profound slumber, and snored away as heartily as ever.

"Setting aside the inclemency of the weather, it appeared to me very improbable that any persons should ride out on a hunting party at midnight. This reflection induced me for some time to regard the noise I had heard as the consequence of my having dreamed to that effect; but when I took into serious consideration the behaviour of our landlord, and the sudden waking of the Count, I found myself greatly staggered, and cannot deny but a secret horror invaded my whole frame.

"Lost and bewildered in a painful labyrinth of conjecture and doubt, I insensibly grew weary of the strife between contending opinions. A gentle slumber, the welcome forerunner of the somniferous deity, had already closed my eye-lids, when I was roused from my lethargy by the hoarse cry of the watchman, who, with the whole collected force of his lungs, gave notice that the clock had just gone one in the morning. His voice, however, was soon drowned by the return of the same alarming noise I had before heard. I immediately arose, and hastening to the window, which shook with the echoing thunder of

horns, trumpets, &c. resolved to satisfy my curiosity relative to this nocturnal troop of Nimrods by ocular demonstration; but, before I had time to throw the window open, the whole Squadron had passed the house in full gallop, with a noise equal to the loudest whirlwind; and a few minutes after the former silence succeeded, and all was quiet as the grave.

"I was now fain to banish all further thoughts of sleep, for the present night at least; and, not able to wait till breakfast, at which time the landlord had promised to satisfy our enquiries relative to the uninhabited mansion, I ran to the window the moment I heard the watchman begin to cry two o'clock.

"Friend, (I accosted him,) what can be the meaning of the noise and racket that alarmed our ears at the hours of twelve and one?"

"Why, truly, (was his answer,) your honour must certainly be a stranger in this neighbourhood. There is not a child in the village but knows all about it. We have this noise, as you call it, every night for weeks together. After that, we are quiet again for a season."

"Well, but (I replied) what whimsical gentleman is it that hunts at midnight?"

"Nay, that, indeed, I am not at liberty to tell you. Enquire of your landlord, who can inform you of every particular. For my part, I am only doing my duty, and my trust is in God. But not a syllable of what I see and hear will I betray to any living soul: nor should the king's ransom tempt me to it." And with that the watchman took himself off.

"I wrapped myself up in my great coat, and drawing a chair to the window, awaited with anxious impatience the tardy return of day. At length the morning began to dawn; the whole village re-echoed with the crowing of cocks, which, I may truly say, never sounded more grateful in my ears. The Count at the same time awaking, and seeing me already dressed,—"Why, you are up by times, to-day, Sir, (he began, rubbing his eyes.) Pray tell me what noise that was which disturbed us last night."

"Indeed my Lord, (I replied,) my curiosity in this respect is at least equal to your own; and hardly can I wait till we receive the promised information from our landlord. And (added I) if your Lordship had not slept so soundly, you would have heard the troop gallop past at

one in the morning with the same dreadful impetuosity and noise as they did at twelve."

"Hardly had I pronounced these words, when the landlord made his appearance. "Well, gentlemen, (he began, after previously bidding us good-morrow,) have your honours heard any thing extraordinary last night?"

"But too much! (was my reply.) However, pray inform me who and what kind of hunters they are that seem so fond of exercising their sport at midnight.

"Why yes, to be sure, (resumed the landlord,) these are matters, as I said before, which one don't much care to talk about. I was unwilling to satisfy your enquiries yesterday, lest your incredulous curiosity should precipitate you into mischief, which, God above knows, has been the case with many. However, as I promised to give you a relation of the whole affair this morning, you shall find me as good as my work.

"Here, at the bottom of the village, stands a large house, which formerly was the residence of the lord of the manor. Now, you must know, it so happened, that a great many years back, one of these lords was a terrible wicked man, who cared neither for God nor devil, and treated his *subjects* worse than his cattle. Nobody could do any thing to please him. Even his own children he would bang and kick about like dogs, and for the least trifle order them to be thrown into a dark, filthy hole, or dungeon, where they were at last starved to death. His subjects he never called by any other name than his *beasts*, and as such he treated them. In short, he was a true devil incarnate! Now, this wicked man delighted in nothing so much as in hunting. In his woods he harboured all kinds of game, even the most savage wild boars especially, which made terrible havock and ruination in the fields and gardens of his peasants; and yet, if any of the latter only offered to drive away one of those furious animals, that was, perhaps, treading down his corn, or devouring his turnips, he was sure to be confined for weeks together upon bread and water. Whenever this nobleman thought proper to go a hunting, the whole village was obliged to draw out and accompany him, and on these occasions he would make them supply the place of dogs, and set them upon the game, which, whenever they were not able to catch, he would horse-whip and worry them with his hounds till they fell down dead at his feet.

"Onetime, as he was indulging himself in these cruel practices till late at night; he was thrown from his horse, and broke his neck upon the spot. The clergy would not suffer him to be interred in the church-yard like a Christian, for which reason he was buried in a corner of his park. But now the terrible judgments of Divine vengeance became manifest; for, to the present day, his wretched soul is not suffered to rest. At certain stated times and seasons, the wrath of Almighty God obliges him every night, the moment it strikes twelve, to ride through the village, and, with Beelzebub and his hellish train, to drive into the manor-house, where he is fain to stay till one o'clock in the morning, which no sooner is heard to strike, than the whole infernal troop of them are remanded back to the bottomless pit."

The haunted Family.

A GENTLEMAN, about the year 1782 or 3, took a house for his family, which consisted of himself, wife, and one servant maid. They had resided in it but a very short time, when one evening the servant, being at home by herself in the kitchen, was much terrified by a violent noise, as if a whole stack of deals had fallen down the upper stairs into the street door passage. As the master and mistress were in the country for some time after the house was first taken, they would not give credit to the maid's story; but soon after their return, when the mistress had been sitting in the parlour by herself with a very good fire, going down into the kitchen for something, staying about five minutes at most, upon her return, she found the fire quite extinguished, and the poker, tongs, and shovel, all placed against the bars, and very much burnt. As the house was contiguous to the gentleman's business, and in other respects very convenient, he did not like to quit it. His family increasing, obliged him to have a nursery maid. One afternoon, the lady and her maid, with the child, having returned from a walk, and going into the parlour, desired the house maid to go up stairs to fetch a pillow to lay the child upon, the mistress and nursery maid remaining in the parlour, when there was a noise exactly like the report of a pistol, as if it had been fired off between their heads. At the same minute all the bells in the house were rung; and the servant above answered, supposing it was the nursery maid, and hastening down stairs, upon one of the landing

places, where there stood a clock, just as she got to that part, a hand, very white, seemed to extend itself from behind the clock, and was drawn over the girl's face. The touch was very cold, and so frightened her, that she fell down the rest of the stairs; was taken up senseless; and was obliged to be sent home to her friends, and did not rightly recover for above a week. One night, when they were all in their rooms preparing to go to bed, they heard a noise like a woman running up and down stairs slipshod; and every time she seemed to stop at the master's chamber door, and utter a deep groan. This was repeated several times, until they were much affrighted. The nursery maid, in particular, was so terrified, that she was going to jump out of the window, when her master called the watch; but as all were afraid to go down to open the door, he was obliged to go to the back of the house, and get in at a back window. They searched the house all over, leaving no hole or corner neglected; and, during this, there was no noise heard, but what they made themselves; but as soon as they had returned to their apartments, the noise again commenced, and continued great part of the night.

Another time the master, mistress, and nursery maid, with the child, were going into the country for a day or two; and the other servant refusing to stay in the house by herself, they got another young woman, who was out of place, to come and sleep with her; and they took the house dog up with them. They did not get to bed till near twelve o'clock, (this was in the very middle of summer,) and having had a hard day's work at washing, were very sleepy and tired, but could get very little rest on account of the various noises; such as the doors of the other rooms seeming to be opened and shut with great violence, &c. The dog seemed much intimidated, and slunk trembling under the bed. About five in the morning, one of them proposed getting up, as the sun shone bright; but the other thought, as the noise had ceased, it was the best time to take a little rest; but, while they were debating, the curtains were drawn back all round the bed at the same instant, and they both jumped out in a fright. This is but a small part of the pranks of their invisible disturber; and the family was obliged to quit the house, as there was no rest to be got in it.

The same gentleman and his family removed to another

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house, very pleasantly situated about four miles from town, near Blackheath. Here he was not entirely free from disturbance: for his wife going for her health to another part of the country, a noise was heard like a woman in silks running from the kitchen up stairs to the top of the house: and another time, in the night, a noise exactly like three or four people coming down stairs together, and stopping about the middle, seemed conversing together. This was heard by the gentleman, another man, and two lads, relations, (besides the nursery maid and her grandmother, who laid in the house,) the youngest of whom was so frightened, that he got up, (when he thought the party were got down stairs,) and ran into another room, where some others slept. The gentleman, the eldest of the two youths, and the man, armed themselves with pistols, and other weapons, and searched the house all over; but nobody but themselves were to be found. The doors and windows were all as they left them when they went to bed. They had a large dog at the back door, and a watchman at the front.

The gentleman lived in this last house several years, as he was but seldom disturbed; but the health of his wife declining, he quitted it, and retired some miles further into Kent, where he resided till his wife's death, which happened in the latter end of the year 1796. He married about a twelvemonth after, and took a house near the Essex road. They had not been there above a week, when the family (consisting of his wife, the house-keeper, another servant, a lad of fourteen, a girl of twelve, and two young children, the gentleman himself being out) was terribly alarmed by a violent noise, as if a coffin, or large heavy trunk or chest, had fallen down the whole stair-case, sometimes as if it slid, and then struck against the sides, until it had got to the ground floor. The family were at this time all in the kitchen below. There is a broad and deep ditch runs opposite the front of the house. As the lady one evening, about dusk, in the summer of the year 1798, was standing at the door, something, resembling a large black bear, (with his head and paws doubled,) brushed by her, rolled down the steps across the road, and into the ditch, where it plunged with a noise as if it had been a real substance. The same summer, on another afternoon, as the gentleman was sitting smoking a pipe in the garden, (as was customary

with him after dinner) his spouse went up stairs, (tho' she had been often frightened,) yet, as the windows were open, and her husband not more than thirty yards from her, she thought herself safe; but she had not been up above a minute, before the bedstead cracked as violently as if a very heavy person had got up and walked over it, and seemed to step down, and then rushed against the wainscot with a most inconceivable noise, like as if twenty or thirty people, with long nails or claws, were endeavouring to tear it down. The lady could not speak, but beckoned to her husband: but before he could come, the noise was repeated with redoubled fury. The lady screamed, ran down stairs, and was unable to speak for half an hour. Those persons who were below heard nothing of it. Every day, and sometimes several times in a day, was a noise exactly like the footsteps of a man coming slowly down the stairs; at other times the rustling of silk, as if a woman in a dress of that kind was hurrying from one room to another, and opening and shutting the doors with violence; or a noise exactly like the opening and shutting of a large trunk, or chest, the lid seeming to fall with violence. This noise has been repeated and continued for an hour together, at short intervals. But all this is but trifling to what we have to relate. They burnt a candle in every bed-chamber, tho' it was summer. The chambers were all on a floor; and they were so terrified, that the gentleman had a part of the wainscot partition taken down, that they might be more within call of each other. One night a child, about five years old, (a relation of the lady's.) that slept with them, awaked in a fright; and they distinctly saw (both of them) an arm over the tea-table, moving about from side to side, and then seemed to go to the sides, and brush down all the curtains very roughly, as if with a hard cloaths brush. But there was no other part of a human frame seen but the arms.

The mother of the lady was going out at the back-door into the garden about dusk; and just as she had opened the door, something, about the size of a man in black, presented itself, and seemed to approach towards her. As she had often been alarmed before, she was nearly sinking down with terror; but instinctively retired in, and with some difficulty bolted the door. We say with difficulty, for there was a strong pressure against it. As the father (a man void of fear and superstition, who had

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very frequently gone all over the house in the middle of the night, when the noises was most violent) was going into the garden about evening, when there was light enough to see any thing distinct at the distance of ten or a dozen yards, he saw the figure of a genteel tall man, in black, leaning on a pump that stood very near the back door. He called a girl (his own daughter, and sister to the lady of the house, about 12 years old) to him, and told her to look at that man. To use the child's own expression, his face shone like a looking-glass, and he looked on her with a smiling countenance, but at her father with a more grave aspect. After about half a minute he disappeared. The same girl, with her brother, a lad about fifteen, went into the garden to get some radishes. They had scarcely got out of the door, when something (which they could describe only by the sense of feeling) leapt between them of the size of a bear, or some quadruped, and threw the lad forward on his knees, and the girl backward; who also felt a sensation on her back, as if it had been clawed by the talons of some beast; and this she felt for several days, tho' there was not the least mark on her skin. It then visibly shot forward, and extended over the radish bed like a white linen sheet, then contracted, and disappeared at the farthest corner of the garden. This expansion, and the rest that followed, was seen by the rest of the family, who sat in the back parlour. The figure of the man in black was seen one evening by the father and mother of the lady when they were at the front of the house on the outside: it passed by them, and went in at a door that led to the kitchen. It seemed sometimes to be whimsical; for some of the family, as they stood at the door, have been pushed out, and the door shut after them. Others have had slaps on the back, and pushed as they have stood in, or was passing from one room to another, the distinct footsteps of a person passing through a room adjoining, and coming along the passage as if just entering the room where they were. Some of them have had the courage (the lady's father often) to open the room door immediately, and go all over the house; but nothing was to be seen or heard, excepting sometimes the footsteps seemed to follow them on their return. The noises have been sometimes so violent above stairs, that any person below would have thought that all the furniture, the wainscot, and the inside of the whole

house, was beat and torn to shatters; and the whole of the family has run out of doors. These noises continuing, they were obliged to quit this house also, and seek another habitation, where they might endeavour to get rid of those troublesome companions. But still, at times, they hear very strange noises, which sorely perplex them.

All this could (if there was a necessity) be testified upon the oaths of more than a dozen credible witnesses.

A strange Fact.

A MAN, of the name of Day, who lived at Limehouse, about the year 1785, had occasion to get out of bed one night. After he had got into bed again, (this was in the dark,) he and his wife distinctly heard the chamber-pot drawn from under the bed, and a noise as if a man was making water in it, and afterwards replaced under the bed again. This was what the man himself had done but the minute before, and was now exactly repeated. They struck a light, thinking somebody had concealed themselves in the chamber; but nothing was amiss. They told this odd circumstance to their neighbours; some were much surprized, and others laughed at them, &c. However, the man was taken ill in a few days afterwards, and was buried in less than a fortnight from the time they had heard this unaccountable noise.

Authenticated Apparition.

A LADY having a daughter that went out to spend the evening in apparent good health, came home when the clock struck twelve quite indisposed. She accompanied her to bed, where she complained of being worse. In a short time afterwards, her mother having occasion to go into the pantry, saw the appearance of a woman standing at the door. At first she thought it was a mist before her eyes; but, on looking more steadfast at the apparition, (which seemed to represent the appearance of her beloved sister,) she walked along with a coffin-board at her back, and then disappeared. She went to bed very much alarmed, and acquainted her husband with what she had seen, telling him she was fearful of her death. When the solemn hour of two arrived, a watchman knocked at the door, and informed her that her sister was dying, and wished her to come with him. She went, and found her dead. On enquiry, her death happened at the precise time when she saw the apparition.

Apparition of a young Lady to her Lover, by whom she had been deserted.

It appears by the following relation, that the gentleman, with a friend, were travelling, and making a stop at Oxford, his friend went to see a relation, whilst he took a walk to view the place. Thus he proceeds. "It was late when I returned back to the inn. My friend was not arrived; I therefore proposed to wait his return. For this purpose, leaving the door a-jar, I seated myself on a sofa, and endeavoured to beguile the tedious hours by reading the translation of Ossian. Midnight approached without any signs of my friend's return. I still continued stretched upon the sofa. At length I grew drowsy; Ossian dropped out of my hands; my eye-lids closed involuntarily; and, overpowered by sleep, I already nodded, when I was suddenly roused by a noise at the door of my room. I started up—all was silent. I opened the door—could hear nothing—see nothing. It certainly must have been imagination—I must have fancied—have dreamt I heard a noise. Resuming, therefore, my book, I rubbed my eyes, wiped them with a wet cloth, and, that I might be in less danger of giving way to slumber, began to read aloud, "Does the wind touch thee, O harp, or is it some passing ghost?"—Hardly had I pronounced the last words, when the noise returned. I could plainly distinguish the tread of human feet along the passage; and the noise drew nearer and nearer. Presently I believed I heard a trembling hand groping for the lock of the door, which opening gradually, discovered a female figure dressed in white, with a veil over her face, that reached half way down her shoulders. Slow and solemn, with her back turned to me, she drew near the table, took up my watch, examined it attentively, sighed thrice and deeply, replaced my watch upon the table, and continued her walk to the opposite corner of the room. In repassing, she rested her head upon her left hand, and drawing her veil aside with her right hand, I beheld with horror and astonishment the very features of Eliza; but her countenance pale, her eyes sunk and hollow, and her brow contracted with indignation. After a short pause, she drew nearer, cast an angry look at me, held up her hand in a threatening attitude, and thrice beating her breast, whilst heart-piercing groans burst from her bosom, regained the door, and disappeared. On recovering from my surprize,

I found myself still seated upon the sofa; and revolving in my mind every concomitant circumstance of this extraordinary apparition, was firmly persuaded that the whole adventure could be nothing but a dream. I looked at my watch--it was exactly one o'clock. Impatient at my friend's delay, I threw myself, dressed as I was, on the bed, and slept till late in the morning. My first care, upon waking, was to enquire of the waiter, whether my friend had returned to the inn; and finding he had, I hurried down stairs, and related to him the particulars of the above strange story.

N. B. The gentleman wrote to town that day, and was informed that the lady had died of a broken heart, at the very time at which she appeared.

Authentic Story related by an English Gentleman travelling through America.

I HAVE had dreams that have been most minutely realized: yet I am convinced that events of this description never happen, but they may be accounted for, without the assistance of supernatural agency. Allow me to relate a story which I heard from the parties when in America.

I stopped one evening (when travelling through the provinces) at an house situated between Lancaster and Philadelphia. Most of the houses in America, though not absolutely inns, receive passengers: of this sort was the present house. I was surprised to find the owner of it prefer this dwelling to one immediately opposite, which was well built with brick, but uninhabited. The house he lived in, although commodious, was built with logs, i. e. large bodies of trees, and the interstices filled up with clay. The reason, he assured me, was, that the house had been haunted; that he believed it was still haunted; but that no person should ever again try; "for," added he, "a boy, that rode post from Philadelphia to North Carolina once stopped here. The house was full; but being very much fatigued, he requested to sleep in the haunted house; (for so it was then called; the frequent noises I had been disturbed with, having determined me to quit it;) at the same time ridiculing apparitions. I consented, and made him a bed on the ground, where, after having drank his glass of toddy, he fell fast asleep. He had not been in bed any length of time, when he was awoke by a very

handsome young woman, who, with much perseverance, endeavoured to pull the sheets from him. The post-boy, concluding that she had some intentions more amorous than ghostly, desired she would desist, as he was too fatigued to gratify them. At this remark she seemed irefully incensed; her eyes sparkled fire; her features trembled; she clenched her hand, and struck him on the face. He remained insensible for some time, and found, on the recovery of his senses, that he had lost the use of his right side, was deaf, and almost deprived of sight. I saw this myself; to me he related the story as I have related it to you."

A singular Dream.

A LADY of Bristol had the following singular dream. A Mr. W. when on a voyage to the coast of Africa, appeared to her at her bed-side, drew the curtains, and looked steadfastly at her. She knowing him, asked with surprize what business he had there? He answered, "Don't be frightened; my dear; I am only come to bespeak a suit of clothes for Captain S." and then disappeared. The lady wrote down the time when she received the information; and Mr. W. on his return home, acquainted her, that it was then he was thrown overboard.

Haunted House in Rosemary-Lane.

THE notion of returning spirits is almost universal. Rude and unbiassed by education or example, the first discoverers of America found the natives convinced of the existence of spirits, and that their friends or enemies had power to do evil or good, which did not belong to them while upon earth. Cotton Mather, in his History of New England, is full of relations of this sort. Several islanders of the South Seas have been found by the discoverers to be tinctured with this opinion; and, indeed, the manner in which they generally dispose of their dead favours the idea.

Dr. Falk, the great Jew physician, was generally reported to be supernaturally endowed, and to hold intercourse with spirits. When the disturbances at Hatton-house, in Clerkenwell, became the topic of conversation, about ten or twelve years since, he went there, and, after minutely examining the house, declared that "these things would happen in the most regular families." The

cause of alarm was knockings, bursting open of doors, treading heavily on the floors, and, most surprising of all, going up and down stairs with a rustling noise, as if the company was all in silk.

Mr. William Taylor, late master of the Marlborough-Head public house, in Bishopsgate-street, a very reputable and worthy man, often related that, when he kept the Coach and Horses in the Minories, two neighbours, labouring men, whom he knew, applied to him for two half gallons of beer to drink in the night, in a house in a yard in Rosemary-lane, where the landlord of the house had provided for their entertainment a good leg of mutton, upon condition of their passing the night in his house, which was said to be haunted. At twelve, one of the men came for the beer, leaving his companion behind him in the room; but, upon his return with it, he found him dead, and at the bottom of the stairs, as if he had been conveyed there, or had fallen down in his precipitancy to escape. Howbeit, the Jury brought in a verdict of *Death by the Visitation of God*; and it was the opinion of all the neighbours, that the poor man saw something or other too terrible for mortal eye to look at.

The disturbances in Mrs. Golding's house, at Stockwell, in Surry, are too true to be contradicted. The loss that lady sustained amounted to some hundreds; and the cause has never yet been discovered. As every one are in possession of the story, and it is altogether too long for our purpose, we shall omit it, with this observation, however, that stubborn facts cannot easily be got over.

Flying Dutchman at the Cape.

I HAVE heard the oldest seamen, as well as young ones, and men of credit too, relate the following circumstance for fact. Generally speaking, previous to a storm, a sloop or schooner-rigged vessel, all white, is seen with unusual rapidity flying past, and scarcely skimming the surface of the water. This is the most fatal omen to mariners in this part of the world; and there are few who have been in the habit of visiting the Cape, but have seen or conversed with some who have seen this surprising phenomena, which, although philosophy cannot account for, is as certain as the appearance of Castor and Pollux among the ancients.

Singular Dream.

MR. Lefant, a Protestant clergyman of Holland, dreamed, about the beginning of the summer in 1728, that he was ordered to preach. He excused himself, saying, that he was not prepared, and knew not what subject to pitch upon. He was told to preach upon these words in Isaiah xxxviii. 1. *Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die.* He imparted his dream to some of his friends, but concealed it from his wife, for fear of making her uneasy. 'Tis not known whether this dream made any impression upon his mind: he neither was credulous, nor superstitious; but 'tis certain that from that time he made all possible haste to finish his work. (The Council of Constance, printed in 4to.) He died on the seventh of August, in the same year 1728.

Warning Voice.

A GENTLEMAN now living, who holds a high department in the Bank of England, a man well known, and of the most unquestionable veracity, was one morning, some years ago, dressing himself to go to the office, heard a voice call him three or four times by his christian name. He thought it was the niece of the lady at whose house he lodged that called him to breakfast, and who imitated his mother's voice, who occasionally came to see him. When he came down stairs into the parlour, he told the mistress of the house, that her niece imitated his mother's voice very well. The lady was surprized at what he said, and assured him her niece went out of town the day before, and was not yet returned, adding, to her certain knowledge, no one had called him that morning. He would not contradict her, but was nevertheless fully persuaded in his own mind he was called, while, as before observed, dressing himself. During breakfast, he received news that his mother was dead, and died suddenly at the very time he heard himself called. He went immediately to the house where his mother lived, to give the necessary orders for the funeral, and to take a last view of so dear a relative; and he declared, while he saluted his parent, he saw her eyes open as if to take a last farewell of him. This story is known to many of the gentleman's friends, and the author of this account had it from his own mouth.

Appearance to a Gentleman at St. Domingo.

A GENTLEMAN now living, of the name of Wilton, who resides at Liverpool, in Lancashire, walking with some friends near a place called St. Domingo, a little distance from the town, thought he saw a relation whom he expected every day to arrive from Jamaica, in a field near where he then was. He directly went into the field, and came so near him, that he hailed him; but, to his great surprize, he seemed to sink into the earth. When he returned to his company, he appeared so greatly agitated, that they asked him what was the matter with him. He then told them he had seen Will James, whom they all knew; and he said he was sure they would hear of his death, and related to them what he grounded his belief upon. They jeered him upon his superstition. However, the next day the vessel came into the port of Liverpool, and brought the sad news, that this man, who was chief mate of a Guineaman, had, at the time Mr. Wilton saw the apparition, tumbled down the hold of the ship, fractured his skull, and expired within ten minutes. This is known to hundreds now living at Liverpool.

Singular Dream.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune, now living, was waked by his wife one night, who said she had had a most unpleasant dream. She dreamed, she said, that a friend of theirs, who was in the East India company's land service, had been killed in a duel. She likewise described the situation of the place where the duel was fought, and where the dead body had been laid, which was in a shed near the place where he fell. The husband, who did not place much credit in dreams, endeavoured to pacify her, by representing to her the absurdity of those imaginations in the sleep, and told her he hoped the next accounts from India would announce the health of their friend. A few months after, he received the melancholy news from that country, that his wife's dream was but too true. A gentleman who came from India, informed him that the captain had fought a duel, and was unhappily killed upon the spot; and as a token of his regard, had bequeathed him the some of five hundred pounds. What renders this dream remarkable is that the body of the gentleman who fell, was carried to a shed near the spot, as the lady described in her dream, which particular circumstance was related by the gentleman who brought home the news.

Singular Appearance and Dream.

A PHYSICIAN, who lived near Rochester, in the county of Kent, whose name was Harris, a man much esteemed in his profession, but an unbeliever in regard to preternatural appearances, and continually laughing at those who did, was at last convinced of their reality by the following extraordinary occurrence. One evening his coachman and footman went out to take the diversion of rabbit shooting in a warren near his house, taking with them two dogs. While they were pursuing their diversion, both the dogs came howling and crouching at their feet. The men were at a loss to account for the behaviour of the dogs; but their attention was called off by the appearance of a coffin, borne upon the shoulders of four men, which passed close by them both; and, to their no small surprize and terror, vanished under ground. They directly left their sport, and returned home, relating what they had seen. The doctor laughed at them for their cowardice and credulity.

The same night, however, the doctor dreamed he was dead, and laid in his coffin. In the morning, when he came down to breakfast, he told his dream to his niece, who resided with him, saying, if he was a man of a superstitious turn of mind, he should be greatly alarmed, not only at his dream, but at the coffin seen by his servants. He laughed as usual, at dreams and apparitions. The same day, while he was at dinner, he was suddenly taken ill, conveyed to bed, and in less than eight and forty hours was a corpse. He retained his senses to the last; and confessed, before his death, that he considered the appearance of the coffin to his men as a warning of his approaching dissolution.

Dream of a Young Lady.

A YOUNG lady of the name of Lancaster, whose father was one of the commissioners of bankrupts, and who lived in Warwick-Court, Holborn, a few years ago, was suddenly deprived of her speech. She had, at the time this happened, the best medical advice the city of London could afford, without the desired effect. One night, about four years ago, she dreamed she saw the figure of an angel, who told her, if she went to Bath, she would recover her speech. In the morning she communicated her dream to her father, who was then living. He laughed at her dream;

and being a man who paid but little respect to these nocturnal admonitions, the journey to Bath was refused. Upon the death of her father, which happened a short time after, she had a dream of a similar nature. Being then her own mistress, she determined upon a visit to that place. The day she arrived at Bath, while she was sitting at dinner with a female friend, who had accompanied her in her journey, at the White-Hart Inn, kept by Pickworth, in that city, she suddenly screamed out, and fell from her chair in a fit. Medical assistance was immediately procured. When she recovered, to the astonishment of her friend, she spoke as well as ever; informing all present, that, while she was at dinner, she saw before her the same figure of an angel that had admonished her to go to Bath. The lady is now living, perfectly recovered in her speech, which can be testified by many eminent medical men whom she was under during the loss of it. This happened only three or four years ago, and is known to more than a hundred persons now living.

Mine Knockers.

THE history of mine-working is inseparable from the observation of the existence of these visible, though untangible, beings. By every account they are in all the most profitable mines; and when they forsake one, the ore is not any longer worth seeking after. They are represented as short below, four feet in height, and, without any noise, seem in the night to pursue every occupation of the miners by day. They work, as it were, with mattock and spade, like diggers, and wheel the ore, the miners say, as they do in their labour. England is not the only country where these officious and inoffensive beings are seen; for they are as common in Germany and Bohemia. About two years ago, a long account of these surprising geniuses appeared in the papers; and the surveyor of a considerable coal mine, in the vicinity of York, communicated a particular account of their proceedings to Silvanus Urban, editor of the Gentleman's Magazine. The curious reader may see an engraving of their proceedings and appearances under the portrait of the ever-memorable John Hales, usually prefixed to his Remains in 4to. To doubt their existence, or deny their appearance, in Sunderland, Cumberland, or any of the coal counties, would be equal to heterodoxy in the church.

The Haunted Castle.

IN a remote part of Wales, a young country girl applied to the village statute for a place, and was hired by a farmer about fifty miles from the village. The first morning, being in the decline of the year, and being dark, she could find nothing to strike a light with, and did not know what to do; but seeing a castle opposite the farmhouse, with candles in the rooms, went to ask for a light. She knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who took her candle, and lighted it, but said not a word. The girl thanked her, and went home. Another time, a few mornings after, being ordered to boil the servants some milk for breakfast, she could find no saucepan but what was a deal too big; and the lady at the castle, being, as she thought, so good-natured, she had no doubt but she would be so kind as to lend her one: so over to the castle she goes again, to apply for the loan of a saucepan. She knocked at the door, which was immediately opened by the same lady, to whom she mentioned her errand. The lady beckoned her to follow her, which she did, through several grand apartments, elegantly furnished, though most of them were in great decay. At last they arrived at a pantry, which was entirely full of plate of every description, though very much tarnished for want of use. The lady pointed to one, which the girl took, not supposing it was silver, and went home, boiled the milk, and the servants went about their business. Presently the mistress came down, and seeing a saucepan of that description, asked the girl where it came from. "I borrowed it from the castle," said the girl. "From the castle!" "Yes, madam." "Why, the castle is uninhabited, and no living creature has ventured to approach it for some years back, and is supposed to be haunted, as there has been very strange noises heard, and lights seen to gleam along the gallery continually: you must be mistaken." "O, no, I ha'nt; and if you please I will go over again." With that the girl, her master, mistress, and two men servants, went to the door. The girl knocked, which was opened by the same lady, who beckoned the girl in, and the door was immediately shut, leaving those outside in the utmost consternation. The girl undaunted followed the lady through several apartments, till they came to one very richly furnished, where was sitting an elderly lady and gentleman, who, as soon as the girl came in, rose, and

pointed to a private closet, for the girl to open, which she immediately did, and discovered a large roll of parchment, which they made signs for her to take up. As soon as she had got it in her hand, they pointed to the street door, as for her to depart, which she did, preceded by the first lady, who opened the door, let the girl out, and shut it again. The girl ran home to her companions who had attended her to the castle, but had been too much terrified to stop, and related what had past. They opened the roll of parchment, and found that this very girl was the lawful heir to the estate, whose family had been deprived by those who had no title; and quarrelling among themselves, had thrown the whole into Chancery, where it would have remained, had not the title deeds been discovered in the above strange manner.

The deeds were put into the hands of an attorney, who sued it out of Chancery, and restored it to the right owner, who now resides in the castle, a pattern of virtue and goodness, and a blessing to the poor,

The above story I had from a person who lived servant with the lady after she got possession of the estate, of whose veracity I have not the least doubt.

Of a Ship brought from Lisbon to Portsmouth by infernal Spirits.

EVERY one, conversant in English history, well knows that one of the Chesterfield family was the founder of the Hell-fire Club in the reign of George II. and from that, and other blasphemous proceedings, obtained the appellation of *Hell-fire Stanhope*. In the early part of his life he was captain of a small sloop of war. Being at Lisbon, and under sailing orders for England, the anchors being weighed, the sailors in general found themselves so remarkably heavy, that sleep was inevitable. But the sum of the relation is, that the vessel, sailing at the amazing rate of forty-eight knots an hour, arrived at Portsmouth before any of the crew was thoroughly awake. Though, from the oath they afterwards made before the Mayor of that town, viz. that they went to sleep off the rock of Lisbon on the over night, infernal agency was clearly proved. In fact, one of the men made a solemn asseveration, that he either was, or fancied he was, awake some part of the night, and saw the shrouds of the vessel filled with black men, apparently very small, but acting with an agility that exceeded any human beings.

Singular Dream.

Among the officers who served in the armies of the Parliament in the grand rebellion was General Ormsby. Oliver Cromwell knew his value; and, when he left Ireland, appointed Ormsby Lord President of the Province of Ulster. As he was one day riding in the country, he could not help remarking the natural capability of it towards improvement; and reflecting on the unfortunate Earl of Stafford, whose death had left his great designs unfinished, and covered the face of the country with ruins, added with a sigh, in the gloomy spirit of the times, 'But who can promise himself an hour's life to finish any thing?' Just as he uttered these words, his horse stumbled going down the hill of Lexlip, and pitched him on his head with such violence, that he never spoke another word. The apparent reference of his last words to his instant fate struck all present; but they were much more astonished, when, upon searching his pockets, they found a memorandum in his diary, of a dream he had that morning, in which the place and other circumstances of his death were foretold as particularly as they could have been related after it happened, without the addition of a single syllable; but, Thy will be done, O Lord!

Apparition of Mr. Tomkins to the Rev. Mr. Warren.

Mr. John Warren, minister of Hatfield-Broad-Oak, in Essex, a worthy and pious man, being one day in his garden, reading Bunyan's *Publican and Pharisee*, was accosted by a neighbour, as he thought, who entered into discourse with him upon the words, "Shall man be more righteous than his Maker?" Mr. Warren's discourse in general ran upon the promises; while Mr. Tomkins, his neighbour, whom he imagined he was discoursing with, chiefly urged the threatenings of God. For a while they discoursed in this sort, till Mr. Warren's servant came, and informed him that dinner was ready, and her mistress waited for him. Common civility made him ask his neighbour Tomkins to come in with him, and eat some dinner, which the latter, with tears now standing in his eyes, refused, saying, "My time is come, and I must away." Mr. Warren thought it very odd; and was proceeding to expostulate with his friend Tomkins, when the servant repeated the message, urging, that a neighbour had sent for him to go immediately upon an occasion of life and death. Mr.

Warren, withdrawing towards the house, still held on the discourse upon the former subject, comforting his friend till he arrived at the door, when, entering first, he left the door open, that Mr. Tomkins might come in; but nobody coming in, he went directly, and sought him all over his garden, but found him not, which much disturbed his mind, particularly when he found that his neighbour and friend Tomkins was just expired, and had not been out of his house, according to every testimony, that day. Mr. Warren's servant testified seeing her master in conversation with a person in the garden, and telling her mistress so, she wondered she had seen nobody go through the house, as there was no other way into the garden. Mr. Warren, a pious and sensible divine, often relates this to Mr. Goodman, who recites it in his winter evening conferences between neighbours.

An Instance of the Force of Imagination,

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Marsh happened to be riding out, when a horse in the staggers came behind, and taking hold of him by the buckle of his breeches, lifted him out of the saddle, gave him a shake, and laid him on the ground, without bite, bruise, scratch, or any sort of harm. He related the circumstance, and, after a day or two, seemed to think no more about it. Three weeks after, the gentleman who owned the horse came to see Mr. Marsh, and told him the horse which dismounted him was dead of the staggers. Being at dinner when this information was given him, he laid down his knife and fork, and said, "Then he died mad, and I shall die mad too." From that time he fancied himself mad, although he had not the smallest symptom of madness. If he happened to yawn, he would immediately cry out, "That is the way the horse died! and I am mad, although my friends will not believe it." He would take nothing that was prescribed for him, saying it would answer no purpose, for nothing could do him good." Thus he continued for the space of four months, and then died.

F I N I S.

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